

bounded on both sides by palaces and churches, without being disturbed by a single sound or meeting a single individual. In its decay, its splendour, its antiquity and its silence, it very much resembles our Winchester.

GHENT,  
*Sunday.*

Cathedral High Mass. Clouds of incense and one of Mozart's sublimest masses by an orchestra before which San Carlo might grow pale. The effect inconceivably grand. The host raised, and I flung myself on the ground.

*To /Sarah Disraeli.*

BRUSSELS,  
*Friday, Aug.*  
6.

MY DEAR SA,

The *sermones gubernatorii* are this time rather diminished. We have heard that a post has arrived from England this evening; there is therefore some little chance of a letter; if however we do not receive one we shall be off on Saturday morning. We were more delighted with Antwerp than with any place we have yet been at. We put up at the Grand Laboureur, unfortunately no table d'hôte, but capital private feeds; our living for the last week has been the most luxurious-possible, and my mother must really reform her table before our return. I have kept a journal of dinners for myself and of doings in general for my father, so I shall leave the account of the churches, cathedrals, and cafes till we come home. We have had a perfect debauch of Kubens, and Meredith and myself have destroyed the reputation of half the cathedrals in Flanders by our mysterious hints of the spuriousness of their Sir Pauls.

On Tuesday morning we set off for